MINIATURE PICTURES.

Written Originally by Mr. GAY,

Author of THE BEGGAR's OPERA, &c. &c.

NEWLY ADAPTED TO

The most FASHIONABLE and PUBLIC CHARACTERS, of Both Sexes, Now Living;

WHETHER IN

THE CHURCH,	THE NAVY,
THE SENATE,	THE ARMY,
WESTMINSTER-HALL,	THE CITY, OR
THE COURT,	THE THEATRES.

CONTAINING

ABOVE SIX HUNDRED PORTRAITS,

All of which are acknowledged STRIKING LIKENESSES.

———*Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.* MART.

LONDON,

Printed for M. SMITH, and Sold by the Booksellers near Temple-Bar and Pater-Noster-Row.

MDCCLXXXI.

TO

RICH^{D}. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Eſq.

SIR,

IF the following MINIATURE PICTURES, drawn by the celebrated *Mr. Gay*, that *maſterly Painter* of the *Human Heart*, ſhall, by their *Applications*, afford you the ſmalleſt Entertainment, it will conſiderably add to the Satisfaction of,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

An Admirer of GAY and SHERIDAN.

30
MAY
61

PREFACE.

SHAKESPEARE's great knowledge of human nature being the ſubject of converſation a few weeks ago in a very polite company, the various characters he has drawn, &c. a Gentleman preſent ventured to aſſert, that he would produce *more* than *double* the *number* of *well-known Characters* from *One Modern Play*, than all thoſe which have been *hitherto* publiſhed from the works of the immortal Avon Bard.

Twelfth Night was fixed on to decide the matter, in a mixed company, who were to ſettle it by their voices. In the interim, the propoſer was buſily employed in ſelecting thoſe numerous ſentences from *The Beggar's Opera* which anywiſe marked a Character; each of which he wrote on a ſeparate ſlip of paper. His opponent was employed, by his direction, in a ſimilar manner, in writing every public name, of either ſex, whether for ability, beauty, rank, gaiety, ſingularity, or infamy.

Each of the parcels, after being ſhuffled, were put into China jars; from which they were drawn out, by two ſervants, after the manner of the State Lottery; and, however marvellous it may appear, they actually came out in the following order.

When

When about ſix hundred characters were drawn, the company gave it unanimouſly in favour of the admirer of Gay. Above an hundred characters, owing to the lateneſs of the evening, being leſt undrawn, if they ſhould be drawn at any future period, they will be publiſhed in another Edition.—Some of the characters were written twice over, owing to inattention; which 'tis hoped the Public will overlook with their uſual indulgence.

In ſuch a multiplicity of Characters, from a *three-act piece*, it cannot be expected that all of them can be equally ſtriking, although they may be found, perhaps, in the circle of the friends of each, equally apt, and expreſſive of a *miniature reſemblance*.

However, ſhould theſe *Miniature Pictures* meet with approbation, an *Explanation* of moſt of them will be ſoon publiſhed, *elucidating each* by an *apt anecdote*; which will contain *many unknown tranſactions, tête-à-têtes*, &c. placing *every Miniature* in a *proper light*, and afford a delicious repaſt to the inquiſitive curioſity of the Public.

MINIATURE

MINIATURE PICTURES.

D— of Q—— —.

NAY, *ſome* have *outliv'd* the *Doctor's Pill.*

Counteſs of S— —.

And had not you the common views of a Gentlewoman in your marriage, Polly?——
Of a *jointure*, and of being a *widow?*

Capt. Aſ—ll.

Married! the Captain is a bold man; and will riſk any thing for money: to be ſure he believes her a fortune.

D— of N— — —le.

The *Miſer* thus a ſhilling ſees,
Which he's *oblig'd to pay*;
With ſighs *reſigns it by degrees*,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

The American Congreſs.

We are for a juſt partition of the world: for every man has a right to enjoy life.

L—y O——.

While thus I lie rolling and toſſing all night,
That Polly lies ſporting on ſome of delight.

General Arnold.

Man may eſcape from *Rope* and *Gun!*

Earl of I———n.

There is nothing to be got by the death of women,—*except our wives.*

R. B. Sheridan, Eſq;

As we live by the Muſes, it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit, wherever we find it.

10. Duke of De—ſt.

Were I laid on Greenland's coaſt,
And in my arms embrac'd my laſs;
Warm amidſt eternal froſt,
Too ſoon the half-year's night would paſs.
And I would love you all the day,
If with me you'd fondly ſtray!——

C——ſs of D——.

Were I ſold on Indian ſoil,
Soon as the burning day was cloſ'd
I could mock the ſultry ſoil,
When on my charmer's breaſt repos'd.—

Every

Ev'ry night we'd kiſs and play,
Over the hills, and far away.

A—— R—— B——.

What a *fool* is a *fond wench!* Polly is moſt confoundedly *bit!*

Mrs. R——n.

I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the moſt of myſelf, and of my man too. A woman knows how to be *mercenary*, tho' ſhe hath never been at a court, or at an aſſembly.

——Officers of the K—g's Houſehold.

This long arrear of the Government is very hard upon us!

We are treated too by them with contempt, as if our profeſſion were not reputable.

Judge W——.

In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove,
Like a ſparrow at all times was ready for love;
The life of all mortals in kiſſing ſhould paſs;
Lip to lip while you're young, then the lip to the glaſs.

Ducheſs D——r of A——.

When women conſider their own beauties, they are all alike unreaſonable in their demands; for they expect their lovers ſhould like them as long as they like themſelves.

Mr. Rigby.

I was always *very curious* in my *liquors*.

L—d Lo——gh.

A Lawyer's is an honeſt employment; ſo is mine. Like me too he acts in a double capacity: both *againſt rogues* and *for them*.

Charles

Charles Turner, Eſq;

When my friends are in difficulties, I am always glad that my fortune can be ſerviceable to them.

20. Mrs. M— —n.

Virgins are like the fair flow'r in their luſtre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground!
Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluſter,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.
But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-Garden 'tis ſent (as yet ſweet)——.

Sir L——e D——.

A *rich rogue* now-a-days is fit company for any Gentleman.

Sir W— — H——.

See the ball I hold!
Let chemiſts toil like aſſes,
Our fire their fire ſurpaſſes,
And turns all our *lead* to GOLD.

Earl Chol——y.

I love the ſex: and a man who loves money, might as well be contented with one guinea as I with one woman.

Meſſrs. Fl——er, St——on, and M— —y.

But money is the true fuller's earth for *reputations*: there is not a *ſpot* or a *ſtain* but what it can take out.

Lady War—n.

The *comfortable eſtate* of *widowhood* is the only hope that keeps up a *wife*'s ſpirits.

Captain

Captain Logbook.

Was there ever ſuch an unfortunate fellow as I am! Was there ever ſuch another villain!

Alderman W——e.

Methinks I ſee him already in the cart!

L—d M——.

As a Bawd to a Whore, I grant you, he is of great convenience.

Dr. Mad-n.

Ah! thou art a dear artful hypocrite!

30. Ducheſs of C——s.

How fond could I be of you!—but *before company 'tis ill bred.*

D— of C——s.

Women are decoy-ducks!—*whores! beaſts!* jades! jilts! harpies! furies!—*faugh!*

H—e of C——ns.

If you mention *vice* or *bribe*,
'Tis ſo pat to *all the tribe*,
Each cries, *that was levell'd at me!*

Sir R——d H—r—n.

One had need have the conſtitution of a horſe, to go through ſo much *dirty buſineſs!*

Sir Sydney M—d—s.

Since the *act* top *againſt the impriſonment* for *ſmall ſums*, my loſs there has been very conſiderable.

General Burg—ne.

This piece, I own, was originally written for the celebrating the marriage of *James Chanter* and *Moll Lay*, two moſt excellent ballad-ſingers.

Earl of L-nc—n.

Why, Boy, thou lookeſt as if thou wert *half ſtarv'd*, like a ſhotten herring.

Dr. Fordyce.

The vigour and proweſs of a knight-errant never ſav'd half the *Ladies in diſtreſs* that he hath done.

Lord Wey—th.

Of all the friends, in time of grief,
When threat'ning Death looks grimmer,
Not one ſo ſure can bring relief
As this beſt friend, *a brimmer*.

E—l G—r.

That *Jemmy Twitcher* ſhould 'peach me, I own, ſurpris'd me! 'Tis a plain proof that all the world is alike; and that even *our Gang* can no more truſt one another than other people. Therefore I beg you, Gentlemen, look well to yourſelves; for in all probability, you may live ſome months longer.

40. Lord George Gordon.

Sure there is nothing ſo charming as muſic!—I'm fond of it to diſtraction!—But, alas! now all mirth ſeems an inſult upon my affliction!

E—l of S—lb—e.

Buy yourſelf *weeds*, and be *chearful*.

Alderman Kenn-t.

But make haſte to *Newgate*, Boy; and let my *friends* know what *I intend*; for *I love to make them eaſy*.

Miſs K— —t.

Your father's perquiſites for the *eſcape of priſoners* muſt amount to a conſiderable ſum.

D—e of St. A— —s.

I always leave *theſe affairs* to you. *Women*, indeed, are *bitter bad judges* in *theſe caſes!*

Sir R——d S-tt-n.

I'll try him only for a ſeſſions or two longer, upon his good behaviour.

Alderman H-rl-y.

For the villain hath the impudence to follow his trade *as a Taylor*, which he calls an honeſt employment.

L—d L— D— — —r.

A guzzling, ſoaking ſot, who is always too drunk to ſtand.

J— —ce A— — —.

Sir, *Black Moll* hath ſent word that her trial comes on in the afternoon; and ſhe hopes you will *order matters* ſo as to *bring her off*.

B-mb-r G-ſc-y-e.

Robin of Bagſhot, alias Gorgon, alias Black Bob, alias *Carbuncle*, alias Bob Booty.

Liſted

50. John C-rtn-y, Eſq;

Liſted not above a month ago: a promiſing lad, and diligent in his way: ſomewhat *too bold*, and haſty; and may raiſe good contributions on the public.

Earl of P———t.

No Gentleman is ever looked upon the worſe for killing a man in his own defence.

Sir G— C——r.

If you at an *Office* ſolicit your *due*,
And would not have matters neglected;
You muſt *quicken* the *clerk* with *the periquiſite* too,
To do what his *duty directed*.

S———r G———l.

But if a man cannot get an honeſt livelihood an eaſier way, I'm ſure 'tis what I can't undertake for another ſeſſions.

Hon. Mrs. T. L-ttr-l.

Never was a man more *out of the way* in an *argument* than my huſband!

Sir Ja—s L-w—r.

Is there any man who ſuſpects my courage?

Mr. G-wl-nd.

We have all been witneſſes of it.

Earl of B-te.

Believe I have *quitted the Gang*, which I can never do but with life. At our *private quarters* I will continue to meet you.

The

The Junto

Muſt continue to act under his direction:
For the moment we break looſe from him, our *Gang is ruined.*

John R-b-nſ-n.

Buſineſs cannot go on without him. He is a man who knows the world; and is a neceſſary agent to us.

60. General Sm-th.

The man that propoſes to get money by play, ſhould have the education of a fine Gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

Miſs Phillips.

Like the notes of a fiddle, ſhe ſweetly, ſweetly,
Raiſes the ſpirits, and charms our ears.

Meſſrs. M—r and Atk-nſ-n.

In *one* reſpect, indeed, our employment may be reckoned *diſhoneſt.*

Dr. J-hnſ-n.

When you *cenſure* the age,
Be *cautious* and *ſage,*
Leſt the *Courtiers* offended ſhould be.

Sir T——s F——d.

A covetous fellow, like a jack-daw, ſteals what he was never made to enjoy, for the ſake of hiding it.

Secretary Fr-ſt.

What buſineſs hath he to keep company with Lords and Gentlemen? He ſhould leave them to prey upon one another.

Mother Br-d-n-l.

We have them of all prices; from One Guinea to Ten: and 'tis fitting every Gentleman ſhould pleaſe himſelf.

Hon. Mr. N-v-lle.

The fly that ſips treacle, is *loſt* in the *ſweets!*

Colonel F-ll-rt-n.

He that attacks my *honour*, attacks my *livelihood*.

J— St---t, Eſq;

A poor petty-larceny raſcal; without the leaſt genius.

70. Mrs. B-lk--y.

Why, wench, thou art a ſhame to thy very ſex.

Admi--l Logbook.

Now I am a wretch indeed!

M——s of L— —n.

I hope you don't want the *repairs* of *Quality*, and lay on *paint*?

Dr. F-ſh-r.

O leave me to thought! *I fear!* I doubt!
I tremble! I droop!—ſee *my courage is out!*

Lady C-ny-rs.

Love is a misfortune that may happen to the moſt diſcreet woman: —and in Love we are all Fools alike.

L--y T— — —le.

Am I not thy wife? Thy neglect to me, thy averſion to me, too ſeverely

ſeverely proves it.—Look on me—Perfidious wretch!—Barbarous huſband!

Hon. C. J. F-x.

The world is avaricious; and I hate avarice: for money was made for the free-hearted and generous; and where is the injury of *taking from another* what he hath not the heart to make uſe of?

W. Ad-m, Eſq;

Is he about to play us any foul play? I'll *ſhoot* him thro' the head!

Right Hon. Ch. Wolf. C-rnw-ll.

I was to have been of *that Party—but—*

Sir Fl-tch-r N-rt-n.

Perhaps you have made a *better bargain* with him than I ſhould have done.——How much?——

80. The Black Legs.

Of all animals of prey, man is the only ſociable one. Every one of us preys upon his neighbour; and yet we herd together.

Co—t H—ll-ng.

The pertneſs of the billing dove,
Like *tickling*, is but *teazing*.

Mrs. B— —r.

Now, for my part, I own *I like an old fellow:* for we always *make them pay* for what they *can't do.*

Hon. and Rev. Mr. C—— —— ——y.

Suſpect my *honour*, my *courage*, ſuſpect any thing but my love.

Mrs.

Mrs. C— —d.

A *curſe* attends that woman's *love*
Who *always* would be *pleaſing*.

The Miniſtry.

And how can we *feel* our *woes*,
When we've *loſt the trouble of thinking*.

Duke of N-rth-mb-rl-nd.

I am not a mere Court friend, who profeſſes every thing, and will do nothing.

Capt. H—gg—t.

Of all mechanics, of all ſervile handicraftſmen, *a Gameſter* is the *vileſt*. But yet as many of the *Quality* are of *the profeſſion*, he is admitted among the politeſt company.

Capt. B-t-l-r.

O cruel, cruel, cruel caſe!
Muſt I ſuffer this diſgrace?

Miſs C-tl-y.

Thou wilt always be a vulgar ſlut, Lucy.

90. General C-nw-y.

Force or cunning
Never ſhall my heart trepan.

Lord N-rth.

Buſineſs is at an end, if we once act diſhonourably.
Who accuſes me?

Counſellor

Counſellor M'D——d.

If I ſaid any thing to the prejudice of your character, *I aſk pardon.*

Mrs. G—r—r.

Each time ſhe looks ſhe fonder grows,
Thinks ev'ry charm grows ſtronger:
But, alas! vain *maid!* all eyes but your own
Can ſee you are *not younger.*

Mr. R-dd-ſh.

Have you no bowels, no tenderneſs, my dear, to ſee a *huſband* in *theſe circumſtances?*

E—l of D——.

So he that taſtes woman, woman, woman,
He that taſtes woman, ruin meets.

C——s D———r B——y.

I was kiſs'd by the parſon, the 'ſquire, and the ſot.

V-ſc. S——t.

If you would not be looked upon as a fool, you ſhould never do any thing but upon the foot of *intereſt.*

Hon. Thomas H-md-n.

Twang, dang, dillo, dee!

Earl of Ab——d-n.

It grieves my heart that ſo generous a man ſhould be involved in ſuch difficulties.

100. J-hn C-t-r, Eſq;

Follow them, Filch, to the *Court.*

Sir W—— M———h.

The ſheriff's officers, I believe, are now at the door.

Hon. T. L-ttr-l.

I only meant to give you occaſion to *juſtify yourſelf*.

J——es W. and A.

Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong. We ſhall both be *loſers* in the *diſpute:* for you know we have it in our power to *hang* each other.

Counſ. L———.

Was ever a rope intended for this neck!

Lord Gr-ſv-n-r.

After all this *miſchief*, I muſt ſtay here to be entertained with *your catterwauling*.

L—y P— —n.

I'm bubbl'd,
I'm bubbl'd,
O how I am bubbl'd,
Bamboozl'd, and bit———

Earl of Ayl-ſb-ry.

See the partiality of mankind!

Cocking George.

An *irregular dog!* that fellow, tho' he were to live theſe ſix months, will never come to the gallows with any credit.

M-rr-s Ll———d.

A cart is abſolutely neceſſary for him.

110. Mrs. H———n.

Can you ſupport the expence of a huſband, huſſy, in gaming, drinking, and whoring?

Viſc. F——.

Rots, ſtinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Viſc. D-nc-nn-n.

My heart was ſo free,
It rov'd like a bee,
Till Polly my paſſion requited:
I ſipp'd each flow'r,
I chang'd ev'ry hour;
But here ev'ry flow'r is united.

Capt. Ayſc—gh.

The Captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich.

Sir H-gh P-ll-ſ-r.

Tom Gagg, Sir, is found *guilty*.

Government of Greenwich Hoſpital.

Forty Pounds for *Tom Gagg*.

Earl of Ex-t-r.

Learn to be more *guarded*, I beg you.

Earl of B-ck-ngh-m.

I have ſet him down in the *black liſt*.

The M-n-ſtry.

We have not had a *murder* among them theſe *ſeven months!!!*

Mr.

Mr. O-d, Chairman of W-ys and M—ns.

Filch hath brought more goods into our *lock* this year than any five of the *Gang*.

Alderm. H-rt.

I love to let *women* 'ſcape.

120. Mrs. H-yl-y.

Without diſpute, ſhe's a fine woman.

Sir Fl-tch-r N-rt-on.

I told him what he would come to, if he did not mend.

Counteſs Dowager of H— — —n.

'Tis woman that ſeduces all mankind;
By *her* we firſt were taught the *wheedling arts:*
Her *very eyes* can *cheat:* when moſt ſhe's kind,
She *tricks* us of our *money*———

Lord O— —.

Let *Bett Sly* know that I'll ſave her from tranſportation.

Mrs. M-rris.

But if Polly ſhould be in love, how ſhould *we* help her, or how can ſhe *help herſelf?*

Mr. Cr-wf-rd, Tragedian.

Murder is as faſhionable a crime as *a man* can be guilty of.

Earl of D-l-r--ne.

This is *Death* without reprieve.

Lady

Lady W———.

Why, thou fooliſh jade, thou'lt be as *ill-uſed*, and as much *neglected*, as if thou hadſt married *a Lord*.

Juſtice W——, alias Capt. Hodd.

For the Captain looks upon himſelf, in the military capacity, as a Gentleman by his profeſſion.

Earl of C-rl-ſle.

My *head ſwims!* I'm *diſtracted!* I *can't ſupport myſelf!*—

130. Duke of N-rf-lk.

A *glaſs* of *cordial* this inſtant!

Sir Thomas R-mb-ld.

I am very ſenſible he is worth *money!!!*

Ch-rl-s J-nk-nſ-n, Eſq;

There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way.

L-wr-nce C-x, Eſq;

'Twas only *Nimming Ned*.

Lady Gr-ſv-n-r.

For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey;
And practiſe ev'ry fraud, to *bribe* her charms:
For ſuits of love, like law, are won by *pay*;
And Beauty muſt be *fee'd*——

——General Pr-v-ſt.

When a *Gentleman* is *long kept in ſuſpence*, penitence may *break his ſpirit for ever after*.

Admiral K-pp-l.

Certainty gives a man a good air upon his trial; and makes him riſk *another* without fear or ſcruple.

Earl of W———d.

You would not be ſo mad to have the wench marry him!

Miſs Ch-ld.

Poor girl! I'm in the utmoſt concern about her.

Earl of Ch———d.

Had *you* been *hang'd*, it would not have vex'd me—for that *might* have been your *misfortune*.

140. Sir S-mpſ-n G-d—n.

Then all the *hopes* of our *family* are gone *for ever and ever!*

Ph-l-p Y—ke, Eſq;

Then all my *ſorrows* are at an end.

Miſs F-rr-n.

I like *the FOX*———
Whom *hounds* from morn to night
Chace o'er the country wide:
Where can my lover *hide?*
Where *cheat* the *wary pack?*

L—n-rd Sm-lt, Eſq;

A mighty *likely ſpeech*, in troth!

Earl and Counteſs of Sa———y.

There are not many huſbands and wives who can bear the *charges* of plaguing one another in an *handſome* way.

Earl

Earl N-g-nt.

Nobody can help the *frailty* of an *over-ſcrupulous* conſcience.

Hon. John T-wnſ-nd.

Sweeter and more lovely than the noſegay in his hand!

Earl of P—— ——ke.

He ſpends his life among women.

R. B. Sh-r-d-n, Eſq;

I have not made my Opera throughout unnatural, like thoſe in vogue; for I have no recitative: excepting this, as I have conſented to have neither Prologue nor Epilogue, it muſt be allowed an Opera in all its forms.

Earl C-rnw-ll-s.

When I conſider his *perſonal bravery*; his *fine ſtratagem*; how much we *have already* got by him, and how much we *may* get by him——

Sir G. B. R-dn-y.

I hear the crowd extolling his reſolution and intrepidity.

B-mb-r G-ſc-yne, Eſq;

Even *Butchers* weep!

Colonel B——r.

Jack Ketch himſelf *heſitates* to perform his *duty*.

Admiral D-rby.

As yet I may inform *him* of *their deſign*.

Colonel M——s.

But then he flies: abſents himſelf.

Hon.

Hon. Thomas Onſl-w.

The *boy*, thus, when his ſparrow's flown,
The bird in ſilence eyes:
But ſoon as out of ſight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, ſobs, and cries.

John W[illegible]k-es, Eſq;

Of *tried courage*, and *indefatigable induſtry*.

Mrs. Thr-le.

Let not your anger, *my dear*, break thro' the rules of *decency*.

Alderman B-rn-l.

I drink a *dram* now and then with the *ſtage-coachmen*, in the way of *friendſhip*.

Sir John L-dd.

The town, perhaps, hath been as much obliged to me for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any Recruiting Officer in the army.

160. Lord O——y.

Dolly Trull,—kiſs me!

R-ch-rd W———h, Eſq;

To what a woeful plight have I brought myſelf!

Earl B-th-rſt.

Betty Doxy, do you *drink* as *hard as ever!*

Lord T——w.

As *prim* and *demure* as ever! There is not any *prude*, though ever ſo *high-bred*, hath a more *ſanctified* look, with a more miſchievous heart.

Edw-rd

Edw-rd G——n, Eſq;

Crook-finger'd Jack!—a year and an half in the ſervice.

P—l B-nf—ld, Eſq;

A mighty *clean-handed* fellow!

Earl of S-rr-y.

As *careleſs* and *genteel* as ever.

Commodore J———n.

Slippery Sam;—he *goes off* the next ſeſſions.

Hon. G—rge P-tt.

Really, Madam, I fear I ſhall be cut off in the flower of my youth.

Mrs. B-r-sf-rd.

Can Love be controul'd by advice?
Will Cupid our *mothers* obey?
Tho' my heart were as frozen as ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted away.

170. Abp. of Y——.

You had better ſtick to *good wholeſome beer*: for in troth, Betty, *ſtrong waters* will in time ruin your conſtitution.

Anth-ny St-r-r, Eſq;

Indeed, Sir, I *never drink ſtrong waters* but when I have the *cholic*.

Lady Cr-v-n.

Play the *French Tune* * * * * *

Earl of B-rkl-y.

I love a free-hearted wench.

Viſc. B——ch-mp.

And then you have ſuch a ſweet deluding tongue!

Lord Adv-c-te.

We have ſo many *interlopers*: yet, with *induſtry*, one may ſtill have a *little picking!*

John K-nr-ck, Eſq;

I ha'n't *been ſo long upon the town*, but I have met with *ſome good fortune* as well as my neighbours.

Sir H——y C———ſh.

Upon his miſſing *five guineas* he *turn'd me off*.

Viſc. W——h.

Here's poor Ned Clincher's name.

Prince of W——.

Youth's the ſeaſon made for *joys*,
Love is *then* our *duty*.

180. Lady Aug. C-mph-ll.

If *Love* a virgin's heart invade,
How like a moth the ſimple maid
Still plays about the flame!

Viſc. L———r.

For *a huſband* hath the power over *all* a wife's *ſecrets—but her own*.

Sir Th——s M—s.

Come hither, *Filch*. I am as *fond* of *this child* as though my mind *miſgave* me he were *my own*. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket

pocket as a woman, and is as nimble-finger'd as a juggler. If an unlucky ſeſſions does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in hiſtory.

Capt. H——e.

Every now and then *(ſince I was pumpt)* I have thoughts of taking up and going to ſea.

Sir Th-m-s H—thc-te.

Hark! I hear the ſound of *coaches!*

Hon. Miſs L-n-x.

Roſes and lilies her cheeks diſcloſe,
But her ripe lips arē more ſweet than thoſe!

General M———n.

The very firſt opportunity, my dear, *(have but patience)* you *ſhall* be my *wife* in *whatever manner you pleaſe.*

Major E——ds.

To convince you of my ſincerity, if we can find the Ordinary, I ſhall have no ſcruples of making you my wife: and I know the conſequences of having two at a time.

Miſs W——rs.

Come, come, Captain, for all your aſſurance, you know that Miſs Polly hath put it out of your power to do me the juſtice you promiſed me.

Mr. E——rds.

But really, Madam, the Captain treated me with ſo much contempt and cruelty, that I deſerved your pity——

190. Lord D——re.

Age is nought but *ſorrow!*

Capt. J—n B——n.

I muſt have women. There is nothing unbends the mind like them. Money is not ſo ſtrong a cordial for the time.——Drawer!—Is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

Duke of D-v-nſh-re.

[*Sits down melancholy at the Table.*

Mrs. L—————m.

Beauty's a flow'r deſpis'd in decay.

Alderman P-gh.

Half a dozen of ſhirts, three tye periwigs, and a piece of broadcloth!

Earl T-mple.

I don't know a prettier fellow! for no man alive hath a more engaging preſence——

Mr. C—m———d.

My daughter to me ſhould be like a Court Lady to a Miniſter of State, a key to the whole Gang.

D— of C———d.

But now, ſince you have *nothing better to do*, even go to your *book*, and *learn* your *Catechiſm*.

Counteſs of C-rk.

The *thing*, huſband, *muſt*, and *ſhall be done*.

Earl of C—k.

Make yourſelf *a little eaſy*; I have a thought ſhall ſoon *ſet* all *matters* again *to rights*.

200. Mrs. B———ly.

She may, in the common courſe of buſineſs, live a twelvemonth longer.

Duke

Duke of Bolt-n.

Thus *ſafe a-ſhore*,
I aſk no more!———

Earl of Sandw-ch.

I have a *ſmall yearly ſalary* for my *catches*——
Oh, *Ray!* oh, *Ray!* oh, Ambo *Ray!*—Oh, oh!

Viſcounteſs D-nc-nn-n.

A *maid* is like the *golden ore*,
Which hath guineas intrinſical in't;
Whoſe worth is never known before
It is *try'd*, and *impreſs'd in the mint*.

Lord T——le.

Are you not married to her, you brute, you?

Dep. J-n-s and Orator H—r—d.

To be ſure they know the ways of Newgate, as well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives.

L--d G—— G——.

I have other hours, and other ſort of men, for my pleaſure.

Earl of Off-ry.

All men are *thieves* in *love*.

Mrs. Am—erſt.

Learn to bear your huſband's death like a reaſonable woman. 'Tis not the faſhion *now-a-days* ſo much as to affect ſorrow upon theſe occaſions.

V——t D——h——ſt.

Oh, Sir! my *father's hard heart* is *not to be ſoftened!*

2ro. Counſellor R—s.

I could even *inform againſt thee* with *pleaſure!*

Lord Cr-v-n.

Indeed, *my dear*, I was *ſtrangely puzzled!*

Mayor of W-rc-ſt-r.

Did *he tip handſomely?—how much did he come down?*

Alderman Kitch-n.

Dear Sir, mention not my *education!*

L--d A—l—y.

What ſignifies a *promiſe* to a *woman!*

E--l of Egr—m—t.

I go to the houſe; I chat with the girl; I kiſs her; I ſay a thouſand things to her, as all gentlemen do that *mean nothing.*

Lady C——---an.

No woman would ever marry, if ſhe had not the chance of *mortality* for a releaſe.

Lord C——an.

Matt o' the *Mint.*

E--l of P——t.

You ſhall *faſt* and *mortify* yourſelf into *reaſon:* and now and then a little *handſome diſcipline,* to bring you to your *ſenſes.*

The ——

Truly, if that *Great Man* ſhould *tip off*, 'twould be an *irreparable loſs.*

William

220. William Br-mm-l, Eſq.

But, *Boy*, can'ſt thou tell me where thy *Maſter* is to be found?

Earl of H-llſb-r--gh.

For I have *many important affairs* to *ſettle* with him; and in the way of *thoſe tranſactions*, I *artfully* get into his *ſecrets*.

Fr-nc-s S-k-s, Eſq.

One man may *ſteal a horſe* better than another look over a hedge.

Peniſton P-wn-y, Eſq.

The *Captain*'s a *lucky man!*——

Electors of Windſor.

It was worth to *our people*, in *fees* of *different kinds*, above *ten inſtalments*.

The Rev. Henry Bate.

The *Prieſt* calls the *Lawyer* a cheat.

Mr. Jackman.

The *Lawyer* beknaves the *Divine*.

Miſs Y——e.

Married! if the wench does not know her own *profit*, ſure ſhe knows her *own pleaſure* better than to make herſelf *a property!*

Viſcounteſs M--n-rd.

I, like a ſhip in *ſtorms*, was *toſs'd*.

Viſcount M--n-rd.

Since what *is done* cannot be *undone*, we muſt *endeavour* to *make the beſt of it*.

Viſc.

Viſcount Cr-ſbie.

I can make *this match* turn to our *advantage.*

Viſcounteſs Cr-ſbie.

If he ſhould die in a ſeſſion or two, Polly's dower would come into diſpute.

Earl F-rr-rs.

It ever was decreed, Sir,
If Lawyer's hand is fee'd, Sir,
He *ſteals* your whole eſtate.

Lord R-v-re.

You *are* married then, it ſeems.

Mrs. Br-dſh-w.

At once you are *made* a *rich widow.*

Earl Tylney.

Were you *ſentenc'd* to *tranſportation?*

P. M. Andr-ws, Eſq.

For you muſt allow that in this kind of drama, 'tis no matter how abſurdly things are brought about.

William Ed-n, Eſq.

My *honour* and *truth* to *the Gang.*

W-lb-e E-----, Eſq.

In the *diviſion* of our *booty,* have I ever ſhewn the leaſt marks of *avarice* or *injuſtice?*

Sir Ch-l-s Fr-d-r-ck.

Are any of us *ſuſpected?*

Lord B--l--u.

Any private diſpute of mine ſhall be of no ill conſequence to my friends.

Duke

D--e of M——ue.

We've had a ſlight difference; and 'till it is accommodated, I ſhall be obliged to keep out of his way.

Hon. Mrs. B——r.

Thou haſt a moſt *agreeable aſſurance*, girl; and art *as willing* as a *turtle.*

Earl of H-rb-r-gh.

You are not ſo fond of me, Jenny, as you us'd to be.

Mrs. K——.

Pray, Madam, were you ever in *keeping?*

Mrs. Plumber.

Pardon me, Madam, I meant no harm by the queſtion; 'twas only in the way of converſation.

J--n M——d, Eſq.

I was *once* kept by a Jew.

J—ge B——.

A ſpruce *'prentice*, let me tell you, is no *ill thing.*

L—d Am——t.

To be ſure, Sir, with ſo much good fortune as you have had, you muſt be grown immenſely rich.

B—d H-p—ns, Eſq.

Your caſe is not particular: the greateſt heroes have been ruined by women.

250. Rev. Mr. C——n.

Who *takes a woman* muſt be undone;
That baſiliſk is ſure to kill.

Dr. G—n—m.

I have pick'd up a little money, by *helping* the ladies to a *pregnancy*.

Lord M-ntf-rt.

'Tis true, you find
Some friends ſo kind,
Who will give you good counſel, themſelves to defend;
In *ſorrowful ditty*,
They *promiſe*, they *pity*;
But *ſhift* you for *money* from friend to friend.

Earl of Effingham.

But we have ſtill honour to break through the corruption of the world.

R——d V——n, Eſq.

To live with ſuch *ill company*, and herd with *gameſters*.

Duke of M-rlb-r-gh.

The fellow with a brown coat and a narrow gold binding, I am told, is never without money.

George D-mpſt-r, Eſq.

A good honeſt kind of a fellow.

C——ſs of H——h.

I'm like a ſkiff in the ocean toſt,
Now high, now low, with each billow borne;
With her rudder broke, and her anchor loſt,
Deſerted, and *all forlorn!*

Sir R-b-rt C-ry--n.

Jealouſy, rage, love, and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces!

Lord Spencer H-m—t-n.

Now I am *weather-beaten* and *ſhattered!*

Counteſs

260. Counteſs Dow. of W-ſtm-r-l-nd.

My HEART is *particular*, and *contradicts* my own *obſervation*.

C——l W-d—rd.

Not ſhow the *leaſt tenderneſs!* but, perhaps, he hath a heart *not* capable of it.

Hon. C——n G——le.

Among the men, *coquets* we find,
Who court by turns all womenkind.

Miſs B——n.

And we grant *all* their *hearts deſir'd*,
When they are *flatter'd* and *admir'd*.

Earl of R-chf-rd.

I can't bear, Child, to ſee *you* in ſuch *low ſpirits*.

Lady T-lb-t.

Hither, dear huſband, turn your eyes,
Beſtow one glance to cheer me!

Viſc. T-wnſh-nd.

But *valour* the ſtronger grows,
The *ſtronger liquor* we're *drinking*.

Earl of B—m-nt.

Four women more, Captain, with a child a-piece.

Hon. Colonel St—rt.

And *not a farthing to pay* for *at leaſt* a month's *cloathing*.

C——l Fitz Patrick.

The Captain is very generous to the *Ladies*.

270. George Byng, Eſq.

It hath always been my maxim, that one friend ſhould aſſiſt another.

Lady

Lady A — d — — on.

Are you as *amorous* as ever, huſſy?

Ducheſs of D———re.

You are always ſo taken up with ſtealing hearts.

Lady Bridget T—lm—ſh.

I always lov'd a woman of *wit* and *ſpirit*.

R—t M——th, Eſq;

But you know, Sir, you ſent me as far as *Hockley in the Hole*, for three of the Ladies; for one in *Vinegar-Yard*, and for the reſt of them ſomewhere about *Lewkner's Lane*. Sure ſome of them are below; for I hear the *bar-bell!*—As they come, I'll ſhow them up——Coming, Sir!—Coming, Sir!

J--n S— — ter, Eſq;

'Tis now high time to look about me for a *decent execution* againſt next ſeſſions.

Francis M-ff-rs, Eſq.

A lazy rogue! by whom one can get *nothing*.

Rev. John W-ſtl-y.

Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour *abuſes* his brother.

Lady G--rg-ana F-tzr-y.

Married! If the affair is not already done, I'll *terrify* her from it by the *example* of our *neighbours*.

Hon. Capt. H-ng-r.

I plyed at the Opera——

280. Sir Thomas Ch-mpn-s.

Made a *tolerable hand on't!*——

Counteſs

C——ſs of D——th.

How the *mother* is to be pitied, who hath *handſome daughters!* Locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality, are nothing to them: they break through them all.

Sir Richard P-rr-t.

Mr. Peachum—this is the *firſt* time *my honour* was called in queſtion.

Mrs. B——, alias L—y Le D——.

Are you *really bound wife* to him, or are you only *upon liking?*

L—d D——le.

What hath *murder* to do in the affair?

Lady B——a G——.

But he ſo teiz'd me!
And he ſo *pleas'd me!*—
What I did you muſt have done.

William B-k-r, Eſq;

To *get out* a *ſecret* or ſo.

Al——n P——be.

Fades and *ſhrinks*, and grows *paſt all enduring!*

Lord R——rth.

I wonder any man alive will ever rear a *daughter!*

Mrs. B—w—th.

You baggage! you huſſy! you *inconſiderate* jade!

290. Earl of D—m—e.

Her *folly* makes me mad!

Clara H——d.

I did not marry him——

Hon. Captain W——

Hath not ſuch a contempt for *roguery* as you imagine.

Hon. Thomas De Grey.

But *this* is all but *picking*.

C-mm——s of Acc——ts.

They don't care that any body ſhould get a *clandeſtine livelihood* but *themſelves*.

Earl of K-lly.

The *Fire* that happened laſt night.

Thomas F-tzh-rb-rt, Eſq;

Matters muſt *not be left as they are.*

Sir Fr-nc-s B-ſſ-t.

I muſt beg you to *explain yourſelf*.

Lord B-g-t.

Now you have *nick'd* the matter.

Counteſs of H-rr-ngt-n.

O what pain it is *to part!*
Can I *leave* thee, can I *leave thee?*
O *what pain it is to part!*——

300. Earl of H-rr-ngt-n.

My heart, my *dear*, is ſo *riveted* to *thine*——

Serjeant

Hon. Daines B-rr-ngt-n.

I *lose* the very *glimmering* of *hope!*—

Earl C-wp-r.

An *unexpected affair* hath *detained* me.

Baron E-re.

If I had not been a *fool*, I might have *lived* very *handsomely* with my *last friends*.

Earl of L—d-n.

Besides your loss of money, 'tis a *loss* to the *ladies*.

Earl of Cl———de.

Gaming takes you off from *women*.

Lady C——r.

A *wife*'s like a guinea in gold,
Stampt with the *name* of her *spouse*;
Now here, now there, is bought or is sold;
And is current in ev'ry house.

Squire W-ll-ngs.

A *chap* in the *City*.

John Ah———ty, Esq;

Poor lad! *how little* does he know *yet* of the *Old Bailey!*

Sir Richard W-rll-y.

I have *this* and *other visible marks* of *his favour* to *shew* for *it*.

310. Sir Ch-rl-s B-mpf-lde.

Have you *money enough* to carry on the *daily quarrels* of *man* and *wife*, about *who shall squander most?*

Sir

Sir William Ogl-nd-r.

Sukey Straddle to make a *figure*——

Hon. Mrs. H—— —n.

The *comfortable eſtate* of *widowhood* is the *only hope* that *keeps up* a *wife's ſpirits.*

Electors of Br-ſt-l.

We muſt *comply* with the cuſtoms of the world, and make *Gratitude give way* to *Intereſt.*

William Ch-mb-rl-yne, Eſq;

I'll *prepare matters* for the *Old Bailey.*

Juſtice H-de.

Are *we* more diſhoneſt than the reſt of mankind?

Earl of D——ne.

How cruel are the traitors,
Who *lie*, and *favour* in *feſts*,
To *cheat unguarded creatures*,
Of *virtue*, *fame*, and *reſt!*

C-mm-ſſ——r G——.

You have conſented to go halves.

D-nc-n C-mph-ll, Eſq;

Unleſs the *people* in *employment pay better*, I promiſe them, *for the future*, to let *other rogues live* beſide *their own.*

S-----e J---- ---ns, Eſq;—Stop-burgh.

You promiſed him a ſeſſion or two longer.

Counſ-ll-r

320. Counſ-ll-r D-v-np-rt.

This uſage, Sir, is *not to be borne*.

E—l of M— —d.

Mrs. Coaxer charges you with *defrauding* her of her *information-money*, for the *apprehending* of *curl-pated Hugh*.

Signora Pr-d-m.

She too has this *palpable failing*,
The *perquiſite ſoftens* her into *conſent*.

Lord M-lb--rne.

What love or money can do, ſhall be done.

Edw-rd B-rn-by Gr--n, Eſq;

You but expoſe yourſelf.

Admiral G--ry.

Fleſh and blood can't bear *my uſage!*—

Sir Charles B——y.

You muſt *now*, Sir, take *leave* of *the Ladies*.

John C-lv-rt, Eſq;

Mr. Peachum may have made a *private bargain* with *you*.

Counſellor D—— ——g.

A Huſband!—in every reſpect but the form.

Miſs Ol-v-r.

The firſt time at the looking-glaſs
The *mother* ſets her *daughter*,
The *image* ſtrikes the ſmiling laſs
With *ſelf-love ever after*.

330. Att-rn-y G-n-r-l.

Try if you *will be* as *good as your word.*

Deputy Th-rpe.

The *ſnuff-box* that Filch *nimmed* two nights ago in the Park.

Earl of M-rchm-nt.

You have, then, been whimpering and *fondling?*

Countess of S-rr-y.

Act like a woman of *ſpirit.*

Miſs H-yl-y,

Her chatt'ring lovers all around her ſkim.

Henry P--rſe, Eſq.

If *you* had been kind to me till death, it would not have vexed me. Art thou, then, *married* to *another?* —

Mrs. Alſ-p.

If any of the ladies chooſe *Gin*, I hope they will be ſo free as to call for it.

Mrs. K-tch-n.

You look as if you meant *me.*

Mrs. M-ck-nzie.

Molly Brazen hath the *ogle* of a *rattleſnake.*

The Majority.

As we were *all aſſiſting*, we ought *all* to *ſhare alike.*

340. Lord B-rr-ngt-n.

'Tis *impoſſible* for *me*, as *I hope to be ſaved*, *Madam.*

Sir

Sir W-tk-n W-ll--ms W-nne.

The *heavieſt* of the *whole ſet*.

Henry P——n, Eſq;

When a gentleman uſes me with *civility*, I do *the beſt I can* to *pleaſe him*.

H—ſe of C-mm-ns.

The *fees here* are *ſo many*, and *ſo exorbitant*——

Lady Alm-r-a C-rp-nt-r.

Love with *youth flies ſwift away*.

Gs. Auguſtus S-lw-yn, Eſq;

I muſt and will have a kiſs, to give my wine a zeſt.

Miſs H— ——, alias Mrs. H-rv-y.

I long to be *made* an *honeſt woman*.

Duke of R-tl-nd.

No power on earth can e'er divide
The knot that ſacred Love hath ty'd.

Ducheſs of R-tl-nd.

Without diſguiſe,
Heaving ſighs,
Doating eyes,
My *conſtant heart* diſcover!

Admiral Arb-thn-t.

He ſhall be *taken off*.

350. L--ds of the Ad——ty.

Like *great Stateſmen*, we *encourage thoſe* who *betray* their *friends*.

Mrs.

Mrs. M-ckr--th.

When *young* at the *bar*, you firſt *taught* me to *to ſcore*,
And bade me be free of my lips, and no more.

Sir G-y C-rlet-n.

This is part of the account, Brother, that lies open before us.

D—e of Gl———r.

The *modes* of the *Court* ſo *common* are grown,
That a *true friend* can *hardly be met:*
Friendſhip for *Intereſt* is but a *loan*,
Which they *lend out* for *what they can get.*

G. Colman, Eſq;

Be the author who he will, we puſh his play as far as 'twill go.

General S-ndf-rd.

Come, a dance—dance!

Miſs C———e V———n.

What then in *love* can woman do?
If we *grow fond*, they *ſhun us.*

Biſhop of W-rc-ſt-r.

A man is *always afraid* of a *woman* who *loves him too well.*

Mother W———r.

To be ſure I ſtript her of a ſuit of my own clothes about two hours ago; and have left her, as ſhe ſhould be, in her ſhift, with a lover of her's, at my houſe.

Bob H---.

I'll give you the *hint* who is *worth ſetting.*

360. Earl of P-rtſm--th.

Decency, methinks, might teach you to behave yourſelf with ſome *reſerve.*

Lady Cl-ytn.

My *Duty obliges* me to ſtay with my *huſband.*

Miſs F——k.

Make yourſelf as *eaſy* as you can, by *getting all you can from him.*

Peter B-rd, Eſq.

Theſe *forward airs* don't become you in the leaſt.

L-dy A-a M—a S—pe.

When *parents* draw *againſt* our mind,
The *true love's knot* they *faſter bind.*

Maiſter P-pe.

For I love thee ſo that I could *bear* to ſee thee *hanged!*

Mrs. R-x.

But his *kiſs* was *ſo ſweet,*
And *ſo cloſely* he *preſt,*
That I *languiſh'd* and *pin'd,*
Till *I granted the reſt.*

Counteſs Dowager of Eg— — —t.

When a woman *loves,* a *kind look,* a *tender word* can *perſuade her.*

Viſcount L-w-ſh-m.

How happy am I if you ſay this from your *heart!*

W—m K—x, Eſq;

Peachum, then, intends to *outwit me* in *this affair;* but I'll be even with him.—He may quote *thouſands* of *precedents* for *cheating me;* and ſhall I not make uſe of the *privilege* of *friendſhip,* to make him a *return?*

370. Rev. Mr. S——t.

These are the *tools* of a *man* of *honour*!

Lord B——y.

I *promiſed* the wench *marriage*.

Right Hon. John H-ly H-tch-nſ-n.

From a *man* of *honour*! his *word* is *as good* as his *bond*.

Hon. William W-rd.

Money, *well timed*, and *properly applied*, will do any thing.

Rev. Mr. T-ſk-r.

If *Poverty* be a title to *Poetry*, I'm ſure nobody can diſpute mine.

Lord P-g-t.

You may obſerve ſuch a ſimilitude of manners in *high* and *low* life, that it is difficult to determine, whether, in the *faſhionable vices*, the *fine gentlemen* imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen.

Earl of P— — — —h.

A fox may ſteal your hens, Sir;
A *whore* your *health* and *pence*, Sir.

Miſs B——n.

It is pity to loſe ſo *good* a *cuſtomer*.

William Ew-r, Eſq;

Let me ſee how much the *ſtock* owes to his *induſtry*!

E. H——s, Eſq.

All this we muſt do to comply with the taſte of the Town.

Mrs.

380. Mrs. C-y—r.

'Twas *he* made me a *preſent* of *this ring*.

Earl of D-nb-gh.

Watt Dreary, alias Brown Will.

Mr. P-rſ-ns.

Let's be *gay*—

Mr. Y-tes.

While we *may*.

Ch—— H——s, and Ma--r O'——.

Whore and Rogue they call huſband and wife.

C-mm-n C——nc-l.

You *Rabble*, there——

B. L--g-l--s, and W. F——r, Eſqrs.

You and I, like *honeſt tradeſmen*, are to have a *fair trial* which of us two can *over-reach* the other.

Earl of L—— —ne.

——My diſtreſſes are doubled!

390. Lord V—— —n.

He muſt be diſtracted with misfortunes!——

Sir John Bl-qu-re.

O let me throw my arms about *it!*——

General R—nsf-rd.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But while you thus teize me together,
To neither a word will I ſay;
But tol de rol, &c.

Miſs L-e.

This is a downright deep tragedy.

General G-ge.

Perhaps, brother, they are *afraid theſe matters* may be carried *too far*.

Sir Th-m-s J-n-s.

The *hard times oblige* me to go *very near* in my *dealings*.

Rich--d B-ckf-rd, Eſq;

Bring us then *more liquor*—To-day ſhall be for pleaſure—*to-morrow* for buſineſs.

Lord H-nch-nb—k.

How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again.

Dr. Arn-ld.

" If *muſic* be the *food* of *love*, *play on!*"

E——d R—e Y—, Eſq;

To *cheat* a man is nothing!——

400. John M-l-ſw-rth, Eſq;

And how do you propoſe to live?

Mrs. Ab-ngt-n.

Juſt the *excuſe* of the *fine ladies*. Why, a *lady* of *quality* is *never* without the *cholic*.

Earl of H—f-rd.

I own myſelf of the Company of *Beggars*.

Lovel St-nh-pe, Eſq;

I *hate extortion*.

Earl

Earl of Eſſ-x.

Thou art ſo *ſqueamiſhly affected!*—

Governor B——ne.

—— Laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb *vice* in others, as well as in *me*.

Earl of H-rd—ke.

I will have none of theſe *ſhuffling anſwers*.

General Try-n.

If *buſineſs* cannot be *carried on* without *it*, what would you have a gentleman *do?*

General L-ſl-e.

If he comes from *Bagſhot* at any *reaſonable* hour——

Ducheſs of K-ngſt-n. (Miss Chudleigh)

Rip out the *coronets*.

410. Ducheſs of Arg-le.

Life never knows the *return* of the *ſpring*.

Sir T——s S——l.

Mayhap, my dear, you may injure the girl.

Lord Sheffield.

A *pretty encouragement* THIS to a *young beginner*.

Right Hon. Henry Fl---d.

Come, Filch, you ſhall go with me into *my own room*, and *tell me the whole ſtory*.

B——p of Li——n.

I find out that you have *played the fool*, and *married*.

Mrs. P-lt-n-y.

Why the *very beſt families* have *excuſed*, and *huddled up* a *frailty* of *that ſort*.

Duke of B-df—d.

Give her another glaſs, Sir: my mamma *drinks double* the *quantity* whenever ſhe is *out of order*.

Mrs. M-rt-r.

I thought it both *ſafeſt* and beſt
To *marry*———

Hon. John M-nt-g-e.

I thought, Boy, by this time, thou hadſt loſt fear as well as ſhame.

——

Earl of M-z-r-ne.

The *gaming-table* hath been my *ruin*.

420. Joſeph G-ll-w-y.

We muſt *punctually pay* our *ſpies*, elſe we ſhall have no *information*.

Alderman B-ll.

I had rather *die* than be *falſe*.

Lord N-wh-v-n.

If ever they commit a *folly*, they are ſure to commit another by *expoſing themſelves*.

Sir Thomas Pye.

There dies an *Adonis!*

A———l G— —.

One of them was *caught* in *bed* with *me*.

Mr.

Mr. B-w-t-r.

What *Gudgeons* are we men!
Ev'ry woman's *eaſy prey:*
Tho' we have *felt* the *hook*, again
We *bite*, and *they betray.*

Earl of P-w-s.

As far as a *bowl* of *punch*, or a *treat*—As for any thing elſe, Ladies, you cannot in conſcience expect it.

Mrs. S--nſb-ry.

She loves to *imitate* the *fine ladies.*

Lord Charles Sp-nc-r.

For really a man makes but an ill figure who cannot give a *ſatiſfactory anſwer* to his *queſtions.*

Miſs H— —r.

I knew ſhe was always a proud ſlut.

430. Duke of H-m-lt-n.

Gameſters and Lawyers are jugglers alike;
If they meddle, your all is in danger:
Like Gypſies, if once they can finger a ſous,
Your pockets they pick———

A. D--gl-s, Eſq;

And give your eſtate to a *ſtranger.*

Lord M-c-rtn-y.

I ſhall have a *fine time* on't.

Hon.

Hon. C-- -- --l L-r-- --l.

How *I* am *forced* to bear about the load of infamy you have laid upon me!

Thomas B-rn-y Br--mſt-n, Eſq;

I hope you will, upon the *firſt* opportunity, *quiet my ſcruples.*

Viſc. Mahon.

Make me, if poſſible, love thee more.

Duke of R-xb-rgh.

That *Polly* runs in my head ſtrangely!

Counſellor H-rgr-ve.

You muſt have been *aiding* and *abetting*, to *help him to eſcape.*

Philip St-ph-ns, Eſq;

If I know any thing, I wiſh I may be burnt!

Lord Le D-ſp-nc-r

Is *drinking* a *quartern* of *ſtrong waters* in the next room with *Black Moll.*

440. Sir Joſeph M-wb-y.

What can I ſay more to *convince* you?

Sir William Dr-p-r.

There's a *certain man* of *diſtinction* who in his time hath *nick'd* me out of a great deal of *the ready.*

Anthony T-dd, Eſq;

To be ſure of late years I have been a great ſufferer by the Parliament—Three thouſand pounds would hardly make me amends.

Admiral

Admiral M-nn.

Whatever happens, I waſh my hands on't.

Lord Edg-c-mbe.

'Tis always good to have *ſomething* in hand.

Mr. B-nn-ſt-r.

—The heart of a man is depreſt with cares.

Mr. W-lſ-n.

The miſt is diſpell'd, when a woman appears.

Miſs Th-mpſ-n.

——————————Her *kiſſes*

Diſſolve us in *pleaſure,* and *ſoft repoſe!*

Timothy C—ſw-ll, Eſq;

I ſhall *never* be called in queſtion.

General Carp-nt-r.

I was ſo over-run with the *ſpleen,* that I *was* perfectly out of myſelf.

450. Mrs. W-rb-rt-n.

When a *wife's* in a *pout,*
As ſhe's ſometimes, no doubt,
The *good huſband,* as *meek* as a *lamb,*
Her vapours to ſtill,
Firſt grants her her *will,*
And the *quieting draught* is *a dram!*

Sir Henry G—ld.

I muſt expect to be *neglected.*

Ducheſs of B—df—rd.

Not the greateſt Lady in the land could have better in her *cloſet;* for her own *private drinking.*

Charles Ambl-r, Eſq;

You ſeem mighty *low* in ſpirits.

Robert Vyn-r, Eſq;

So *very whimſical*, that it is impoſſible to be laſting.

General Johnſt-n.

One wife is *too much* for moſt *huſbands* to *bear!*

Sir H-gh P-ll-ſ-r.

Dear Sir! *ſink* the *material evidence*, and *bring him off* at his *Trial!*

Alderman N-wnh-m.

Which way ſhall I *turn* me—*how can I decide?*

Lady L-ghb-r--gh.

How can you be a *Tyrant* to *me?*

Alderman Townſhend.

I ſcorn to wince or whine.

460. Sir Richard Pearſon.

Like the ſailor, he holds up his hand,
Diſtreſt on the *daſhing wave!*

Alderman Sawbridge.

While I can ſerve you, you may command me.

Abp. of C-nt-rb-ry.

If men were anſwerable for the *follies* and frailties of their *wives*—no friends could keep a good correſpondence together for two days.

Lord M-lgr-ve.

This is carrying *the joke* a *little too far.*

James

James Sc-w-n, Esq;

There's nothing *moves* one so much as a *great man* in *distress*.

Alderman Alf-p.

I make one at their weekly festivals at St. Giles's.

R. Payne Kn-ght, Esq;

Truly, Filch, thy *observation* is *right*.

Counsellor T-mpk-ns.

But, hark you, my Lad, don't tell me a *lye*.

Counsellor Ch-tw-d.

I'll make you plead, by *squeezing*—

Duke of S-m-rs-t.

Why so melancholy?

470. Sir James E-d-le.

Beetle-brow'd *Jemmy*.

Earl of Orf-rd.

Don't let your *passion* run away with your senses.

Mrs. Ald. H-rt.

Thus when a *good housewife* sees a *rat*
In her *trap*, in the *morning* taken,
With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat,
In revenge for her *loss* of *bacon*:
Then she throws him
To the dog or cat,
To be worried, *crush'd*, and *shaken*.

Viscount

Lord Carhampton.

From a *man of honour*, his *word* is as *good* as his *bond!!!*

Earl Percy.

I am naturally compaſſionate——

Mrs. Ba—l—y.

Like a woman the better for being another man's property.

Duke of B—f—rd.

A good ſportſman always lets the hen partridges fly——

Juſtice G-rdl-r.

Here the law allows us no reward.

Counteſs of D-nn-ff.

'Twas to her I was obliged for my education.

Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice.

'Tis a pleaſure to be the meſſenger of comfort to friends in affliction.

480. James Bogle French, Eſq;

Theſe are only the fruits of his leiſure hours.

Capt. C——y.

Crook-finger Jack, who hath an *under-hand way* of *diſpoſing* of his *goods*.

Sir Samuel Hood.

I hope nothing hath betided him.

Lord Southampton.

You know, my Dear, he is a *favourite* of mine.

Mr.

Mr. Maſkall.

There's forty pounds loſt to us for ever!

Lord St. John.

They are ſo partial to the brave, they think every man handſome who is going to the Camp——

Lady A——r.

Though ſhe be never ſo ugly,
Lilies and *roſes* will *quickly* appear,
And her *face* look *wondrous* ſmugly.

General Murray.

You ſhould not be *too hard-hearted*; for you never had a finer braver ſet of men than at preſent.

Viſcounteſs Glenorchy.

What a-dickens is the woman always a *whimpering* and *whining* about?

490. Henry Thrale, Eſq;

If I am in the wrong, my Dear, you muſt *excuſe me.*

Lord Newborough.

And though the *Bank* hath *ſtopt payment*, he was ſo chearful and ſo agreeable——

Hon. Capt. Berkeley.

There is not a finer gentleman than the Captain.

Lord William Gordon.

You ſee I would indulge the girl as far as prudently we can.

Mrs. Car—ll.

And why muſt our Polly's marriage, contrary to all obſervation, make her the leſs followed by other men?

Captain Br— —n.

You ſhould go to Hockley in the Hole, and to Marybone, Child, to *learn valour*.

Ducheſs of Glouceſter.

But when the *honour* of *our family* is concerned.

Sir Edward W-lp-le.

Do you think your mother and I ſhould have lived comfortably ſo long together, if ever we had been married?

Colonel Stuart.

Beſides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting or of dying——

General Ca— —c.

Are you ruined, or no?

500. Mrs. Hamilton.

With Polly's fortune, ſhe might very well have gone off to a perſon of diſtinction.

Viſcount Alt—rpe.

When he kiſs'd me, ſo cloſely he preſs'd, ——
'Twas ſo ſweet that I muſt have comply'd.

Dowager Viſcounteſs T— —d.

How the poor woman takes it to heart!

Lord Bellenden.

My *all* is in my poſſeſſion!

Lord

Lord Byron.

To do ſuch a *mad* thing by choice.

Hon. Mrs. Dana.

I did not marry him, as 'tis the faſhion, coolly or deliberately, for honour or money! But I love him.

Surgeon Ford.

Succeſs attend you!

Dowager Lady K—l—rd.

They have as much pleaſure in cheating a father or mother as in cheating at cards.

Biſhop of S- --- ---y.

I could almoſt find in my heart to forgive her.

Lady H—b—es.

'Tis no new thing for a wench to take man without conſent of parents.

510. Quondam Lady L-go—r.

She hath nothing to do but to guard herſelf from being found out, and ſhe may *do* what *ſhe pleaſes*.

Lord John Clinton.

Your father is too fond of you.

Lord Clive.

Whoſe treaſure is *contraband*.

Lord Hawke.

The waves are laid,
My *duty's paid*——

David Hartley.

You believe we can't get intelligence of it.

Daniel

Daniel Parker Cooke, Eſq;

I don't know what you mean, Sir.

Admiral Barrington.

Could I have thoughts of parting with him!

Sir Joſeph Yorke.

How I dread to hear your advice!

Lady Ro—l—y.

What would many a wife give for ſuch an opportunity!

Counteſs De Law—r.

The turtle thus with plaintive crying
Laments her dove.
Down ſhe drops, quite ſpent with ſighing,
Pair'd in death, as pair'd in love.

General Grant's *march* from Davis's Straits to the Gulf of Mexico.

What, is the fool in earneſt?

521. Dean Tucker.

I ſhall knock your brains out, *if you have any.*

Lady Am—t.

And are you as fond as ever, my Dear?

Counteſs of Carliſle.

Sure, my Dear, you could not leave me behind you?

Duke

Duke of Ancaſter.

A few weeks, perhaps, may reconcile us all.

Dr. Shebbeare.

Your inſtructions ſhall be obſerved. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our ſeveral duties.

Lady Stuart.

Ah, Dolly, thou wilt ever be a coquette!

Lady Louiſa Lenox.

All you fine ladies, who know your own beauty, affect an undreſs.

Lady Harriot Ackland.

When firſt we met, ſo moves me yet:—
O ſee how my heart is ſplitting!

Lord Mayor.

But you are apt to think too well of your friends.

530. Hon. Miſs Ir—n.

Shall I go off with thee?

Earl of Clan --- ---m.

Thus I ſtand like a Turk with his doxies around,
From all ſides their glances his paſſion confound;
For black, brown, and fair, his inconſtancy burns,
And the different beauties ſubdue him by turns.

Lord F--rf--d.

I vow, Polly, I ſhall take it *monſtrouſly ill*, if you *refuſe me*.

Robert Morris, Eſq;

What with *fees*, and other expences, there are great *goings-out*, and *no* comings-in.

Earl of Kerry.

The bird that hath been *trapt*,
When he hears his calling mate,
To her he flies, again he's clapt
Within the wiry gate.

Sir Thomas Pye.

I take as large draughts of *liquor* as I *did* of *love*.—I hate a flincher in either.

Sir Charles Cocks.

You *deal* ſo *hard* with us, that we can afford to give the gentlemen little or nothing.

Mrs. Fo-le.

O' my conſcience, now-a-days, moſt ladies take a delight in cheating, when they can do it with ſafety.

William Pultney, Eſq;

Remarkable, and *not* of very *ſafe ſale*.

Lord Sheffield.

Set your heart at reſt, *Captain*.

540. Counteſs of Sandwich.

Hither, dear huſband, turn your eyes!—
O ſhun me not, but hear me!

Miſs R--ves.

One may know by your kiſs that your gin is excellent.

Sir E--j-h I-p-y.

But *Gold* from *Law* can take out the ſting.

Sir Matthew White Ridley.

What do you mean, Matt?

John Roberts, Eſq;

Have an eye upon the money-lenders.

Lord F-l-y.

I hear the dice-box in the other room.

Lord T-lb-t.

The coronation account, Brother Peachum, is of ſo intricate a nature, that I believe it will never be ſettled.

Mr. Pinchbeck.

I thought it beſt to *enter* them *under* their ſeveral *heads*.

Bench of Biſhops.

To be ſure, Sir, we will put ourſelves under your direction.

Hon. John Luttrell.

A *pretty* ſort of an *expedition!*—

550. Harley and Drummond.

The account of the laſt half-year's *plate* is in a book by itſelf, which lies at the other office.

Miſs Mar--n.

And when we fly them, they purſue,
But leave us when they've won us.

Mrs.

Mrs. Beauchamp B-----l.

The diſſembling of a woman is always the forerunner of miſchief.

Lord Chewton.

But can I leave my pretty huſſies,
Without one tear or tender ſigh!

Mr. G----e W---t.

The lower ſort of people have their vices in a degree, as well as the rich.

Counteſs of Ab-ngd-n.

But think of this maxim, and put off all ſorrow,
The wretch of to-day *may* be happy to-morrow.

Biſhop of D-rh-m.

The Stateſman, becauſe he's ſo great,
Thinks *his* trade as *honeſt* as *mine*.

Anthony Bacon, Eſq;

Active and induſtrious.

Robert P-r-s T-yl-r, Eſq;

What of Bob Booty?——

Juſtice Di-es.

Really I am ſorry, upon Polly's account, the Captain hath not more diſcretion.

360. Miſs Stewart.

If I have any ſkill in the *ways* of women, I am ſure Polly thinks him a *very pretty man*.

Alderman

Alderman Pl-m-r.

I had a fair *tug*——

Luke Gardiner, Eſq;

I would not *willingly* forfeit my *own honour*.

Hon. Mr. North.

We have it in our natures, Papa.

Sir Meyrick Burrel.

Be a little pacified.

Ad——l G-yt-n.

Your *wife* may *ſteal* your *reſt*, Sir.

Mrs. Gayton.

But now, Polly, to *your affair*.

L—y Ad——te.

Parting with him! Why that's the whole ſcheme and intention of marriage articles.

Mrs. K-rkm-n.

What is a jointure? What is widowhood to me? I know my heart cannot ſurvive him!——

Earl of Hardwicke.

Keep out of the way for *fear of miſchief*; and conſider of what is *propoſed* to you.

570. Earl of Pembroke.

Women and wine ſhould life employ:
Is there aught elſe on earth deſirous?
Fill ev'ry glaſs, &c.

Admiral Byr-n.

Something ſeems to have ruffled you. ——

Duke of Portland.

I value and reſpect you.

Earl of Str-ff-rd.

Act with conduct and diſcretion.

Hon. Mr. Erſkine.

You have had good ſucceſs——

Robert Thiſtlethwaite, Eſq;

That is thereafter as they be.

Lieut. Col. H-mm-nd.

The niceſt man in England.

Sir John Borlace W-rr-n.

Before the barn-door crowing,
The cock by hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while ſuſpended:
Then *one* he ſingles from the crew,
And chears the happy hen.

Viſcount Hampden.

'Tis your *own choice* that will *determine* you.

580. Hon. Edward Onſlow.

Do all we can, women will believe us.

Thomas

Thomas Gilbert, Eſq;

And ſo you think I know nothing of *the affair?*

Lady M——tf—t.

You can't be ſuch a fool as to be jealous!

E—d W-ll-r, Eſq;

'Tis the pleaſure of all you fine men to inſult the women you have ruined.

Sir G— —y P—e T— —r.

You can't have the man and the *money* too.

Lord P——t.

Would not twenty guineas, think you, move him?

Right Hon. T——s C— — —y.

Am I then *bilk'd* of my *virtue?* Can I have no *reparation?* Sure men were *born* to lie——

Sir Edward Newenham.

Shall I not claim *my own?* Juſtice bids me ſpeak.

Lady R— —t S— —r.

Sure, my dear, there ought to be ſome preference ſhewn to a wife; at leaſt ſhe may claim the *appearance* of it.

Hon. Henry Laurens.

Why doſt thou ſeek to aggravate my misfortunes?

590. Lord Hyde.

Where's my wench?

Earl

Earl of Northington.

I fancy he is now taking his *nap* in his own room.

Hon. Capt. Shirley.

And though *you* love me not, be grateful.

Duke of B-df—d.

My love is all *madneſs* and *folly*.

Richard R-gby, Eſq;

The dog is *leaky* in his liquor; ſo I'll ply him that way: get the ſecret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage.

C-b-n-t C—nc-l.

Thus Gameſters united in friendſhip are found,
Tho' they know that their induſtry all is a cheat;
They flock to their prey at the dice-box's ſound,
And join to promote one another's deceit.
But if by miſhap
They fail of a chap,
To keep in their hands they each other entrap:
Like pikes lank with hunger, who miſs of their ends,
They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.

Launcelot Brown, Eſq;

Sure you will not think of meddling with *him!*

Mrs. Crewe.

There's no perfum'd breath like it!

Baron

Baron Dimſdale.

No doubt, you know Mrs. Coaxer.

Admiral Digby.

We run great riſks, great riſks indeed!

600. Lord Gage.

Depend upon it, we will *act* like men of *honour*.

Juſtice Groves.

I don't enquire after *your* affairs.

Viſcount Mayo.

I wiſh all our quarrels might have ſo *comfortable* a *reconciliation!*

Duke of Leinſter.

I was indeed *ſomewhat provok'd*, and might have uſed *ſome expreſſions* that were *diſreſpectful*.

Viſcount Farnham.

No doubt, all matters are made up again.

Lord Grantham.

I run no riſk.

Mrs. H—t—y.

Indeed the ſex is frail. But the firſt time a woman is frail, ſhe ſhould be ſomewhat nice, methinks; for then or never is the time to make her fortune.

Colonel Biſhop.

Wine can clear
The vapours of deſpair;

And make us light as air:
Then drink, and baniſh care.

Ducheſs of Ancaſter.

Time's on the wing.

610. Mr. Trumbull.

Why muſt all your ſuſpicion light upon me?

Mr. La M-ſh.

The coquettes of both ſexes are ſelf-lovers; and that is a love no other whatever can diſpoſſeſs.

Lord Le--------gh and Juſtice Parker.

[Exeunt, with *Great Ceremony*.

FINIS.